THE MAKERS OF CAJUN MUSIC

ALMOST SLIM IN EUROPE
GREAT NEW ORLEANS BARS
HERLIN RILEY BEATS IT
MONDAY
College Night Special (9 PM 'til) - Walk In, Crawl Out - Gator Special "Swamp Water"
$1.50 - Dixie Longnecks $1.00 - Schnapps $1.00
"Long Island Iced Tea"

"Shoot-Her" Tuesday - Shooters $1.00
- Schnapps - Kamikazi - Dead Commies - Ghetto Blasters

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY
Charlie's "Vamp" Night - Ladies Night 9-12 PM

THURSDAY
Charlie's "Bachelor" Party 9-12 PM - "Men's Night", Ladies Welcome!

FRIDAY
Sean's "Drink and Drown" 10 PM-1 AM - A Weekly "Theme" Party, $8.00 - Open Well

SATURDAY
"Double Trouble" 10 PM-12 PM, - 2 for 1 Drink Specials

SUNDAY
"Jamaican Jam", Reggae Music - "Free Barbecue" 1 PM - 5 PM - Chicken - Sausage - Potatoe Salad - Exotic Island Drinks $2.50 - "Pirate Special", Rum $1.00
"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."

—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Cover photo by Elemore Morgan, from "The Makers of Cajun Music."
AUGUST NEWS

Professor Longhair and Mrs. Byrd, reunited at the World's Fair. Sculptor Coco Robichaux is center.

Dedicating Longhorn...Uh, Longhair

Louisiana World Exposition chief Petr Spurney is a man with a lot on his mind (as well as a trillion creditors beating at his door) so we should probably forgive him for calling Professor Longhair "Professor Longhorn" at the recent ceremonies dedicating Coco Robichaux's bronze bust of the late pianist, which now resides in the courtyard of the Federal Fibre Mills Building. An amusing faux-pas it was, reminiscent of the time Councilman Frank Friedler referred to Clarence "Gate-mouth" Brown as "Gatehouse" Brown at an outdoor concert, preceding Brown's tour of Africa. Spurney, accompanied by Councilman "Rockin' Sidney" Barthelemy, declared July 20 "Professor Longhair (or Longhorn) Day" at the World's Fair and the Fortier High School Band, sweltering in wool uniforms, performed its new arrangements of "Big Chief" and "Go To The Mardi Gras." Also performing at the ceremony were two of New Orleans' younger brass bands—ReBirth and the All-Stars.

According to Sculptor Robichaux, the bust will eventually be moved to Longhair's old South Rampart Street stomping grounds, amidst the skyscrapers and parking lots. Henry Byrdland Roe—er, Henry Roeland Byrd would be pleased although he probably would've preferred his bronze likeness with the ever-present sunglasses intact.

—Bunny Matthews

Little Richard: Duped By Rupe?

Good old Little Richard seems to be back in the limelight, what with an upcoming biography ready for the bookshelves, the steamier parts of which were printed in a recent issue of Rolling Stone and an $80 million lawsuit, in which he claims he did not receive proper royalties for thirty of his songs.

In the suit filed in Los Angeles, Richard W. Penniman—a.k.a. Little Richard—admitted signing a release and settlement binder with Specialty Records on November, 1959. In return for $10,000, Penniman agreed to sign over all future recording royalties to a company owned by Art Rupe. The agreement settled a law suit initiated that year by Penniman, who claimed he had not been paid proper recording royalties.

Venice Music, who published Penniman's material, was sold years back by Rupe to ATV which now holds the rights to the songs in question.

In the new suit Penniman argues that he was inexperienced when dealing with Rupe and that he was ill advised by Rufus Carter, his lawyer at the time, who, Penniman claimed, was provided by Rupe. Among the songs in question are "Tutti Frutti," "Lucille," "Long Tall Sally," "Rip It Up," "Ready Teddy," and "The Girl Can't Help It."

The defendants are accused of not paying Little Richard for "work, labor, services and love" since 1955.

—Almost Slim

Advertisement
July the Fourth marked the first annual New Sarpy Blues Festival, held at the Lone Star Camp Grounds. The above photo captures a very historic moment, just after the festival's completion. Second to the end on the left is Johnny Adams, better known as the "Tan Canary." On his left is Baron Von Dyke, former Drifter and onetime resident deejay at Mason's Las Vegas Strip Center, looking like he just got his tax refund check. Is Ernie K-Doe, who got the whole thing rolling and tossed bags of genuine diamonds to the audience. The lady leading Ernie K's shoulder is Jean Knight, famed for "Mr. Big Stuff." Just next to her [in the day camp supervisor disguise] is the current president of the Kenner blues mafia, Cleon Floyd, who organized and funded the proceedings. Behind him stands Soulm an Jimmy and to his left, Zeke the Freak and the soul gang.

—Almost Slim

Toussaint Scores C.A.C. Musical

Pianist Allen Toussaint, who penned such New Orleans classics as "Mother-In-Law," "It's Raining," as well as "Java" and "Southern Nights," has written the songs for a new musical drama playing at the Contemporary Arts Center.

We Love You, William, created by actor/writer Anthony Bean, premiering at the C.A.C. August 2-5, 9-12, and 16-19, involves a black American actor in the late 1950's who finds fame and fortune in Europe under an alias with a falsified background. After ten years the expatriate decides to reveal the truth about himself and to seek acceptance from his family and homeland.

Bean, a New Orleans native, began working on his story about two years ago and soon hooked up with Toussaint who had a long-standing desire to work on a musical. Toussaint wound up writing 22 new songs for We Love You, William.

The lead role is being portrayed by Bean, who is also directing the play. Joining Bean in the cast is Barbara Shorts of One Mo' Time fame as the actor's mother, along with Sandra Richards, Florence Williams, Daniel Hughes, Ralph Joseph, Floyd Bean, Barbara Staff and Joseph Campo. We Love You, William features a chorus and dance group with choreography by Pat Sylvain of the New Orleans Contemporary Dance Company, and musical direction is by E. Diane Lyles, director of bands at Xavier University.

—Bob Cataliotti

Commercial

(This news item is to be sung to the tune of "Old McDonald Had A Farm")

"Bobby Womack's singing for an ad on radio. He dubbed the vocals with Big Al At Sea Saint Studios, With a Stroh's beer here, and a Stroh's beer there, here a Stroh's, there a Stroh's, Everywhere a Stroh's beer, Sixty seconds and big bucks, That's the way it goes..."

—rico

Toussaint and Womack: 'A thousand bottles of Stroh's on the wall...'
Aaron Tells It

DECEMBER 1966—After nearly a decade of recording excellent, but commercially indistinct singles for a variety of New Orleans labels, Aaron Neville (yes that's really him in the photo) signs with a new company, Parlo Records. Parlo was formed by Warren Parker, Red Tyler and George Davis. Aaron Neville is given a blues ballad penned by Davis and Lee Diamond. The record achieved what only one record in thousands ever does: It topped the national R&B charts during its 17-week stay in the charts and made it to number two in the pop charts. The song of course was "Tell It Like It Is," which earned a gold record soon after its release and can presently be found on the walls of Mr. Neville's Valence Street house.

—Almost Slim

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on Almost Slim's critique of some New Orleans musicians in 1984 Jazz Festival Review (WL 44).

He stated, "It's obvious from the number of last-minute, lethargic and unprepared sets I encountered that in many artists' minds the Jazz Festival has degenerated into another easy payday. I have no interest in sitting in the hot sun and listening to rehashes of top 40 at a festival that should have the greatest music in the world on display."

I agree with Almost Slim on this point, but I would like to offer as food for thought to the readers that I don't feel that this is entirely the musicians' fault.

Many New Orleans musicians must find it hard to keep their acts honed and inspired when they get used to easy support in their own home town. Many are hired only a few times a year, and then only a few people show up to see them. After a while of beating their heads against the wall, it can be expected that their performances deteriorate, while others sacrifice their originality to join the ranks of generic top 40 musicians, in hopes of making a living at least.

Another case in point is the closing of Tipitina's, due in part to lack of local support for local music. My message is this, New Orleans: You have much of the best music in the world. Support it throughout the year. Your musicians aren't expected to be that excited about it if you don't show them you're excited about them.

Remember, you don't miss the water 'til the well runs dry.

P.S. Keep up the good work, Slim; you're a good man.

--A Patron of the Arts
New Orleans

To the Editor:

Talked to you from Dallas, Tx. the other day. I was telling you about the New Orleans music scene here in Dallas. They love it.

I was born and raised in New Orleans, in the Ninth Ward and Gentilly. I learned to play music there. I started with a group called Favor and went on from there. I even played piano with Johnny Adams and Walter Washington. I left New Orleans eight years ago to play a two-week gig. I got stuck here and things began to snowball.

Since I arrived here, I have had numerous New Orleans type bands, and I wrote a song that went to #40 in Billboard (1982). I currently play piano and sing at a small bar in Dallas, the Greenville Bar & Grill, a New Orleans type bar—Mardi Gras posters on the wall and even red beans and gumbo (but not like my mother's).

There are also other New Orleans musicians here. Saxophonist Glen Rothstein and I do Mardi Gras shows here if we're not in New Orleans. The people go crazy for it.

Bass player Roy Dubos lives in Dallas. He plays in a jazz trio at the Sheraton Dallas.

Drummer Bobby Beaure is also in Dallas working all the best gigs.

Glen Gilbeau, a piano player and singer, works around town solid.

We are far away but we can't forget the simple pleasures we no longer can find. Like decent French bread, fresh oysters, Barq's root beer, all nite drinking and snowballs.

I say thanks to Allen Toussaint, Dr. John, the Meters, the Nevilles, Chris Kenner, Ernie K-Doe, Benny Spellman, Earl King, Henry Roeland Byrd, Fats Domino, Huey Smith, Lee Dorsey, and all New Orleans musicians who created and sang music with such longevity.

--Dennis Cavalier
Dallas, Tx.
Multiple Places’ Duncan McCord slips across the stage between keyboards and microphone in elfin fashion; a mischievous lock of hair, waifishly drawn across his face, keeps secret his extraordinary good looks. His glance down at the audience compels them to listen and the listener quickly realizes that this is one formidable quartet.

Multiple Places is an intriguing new group. The band plays a sophisticated rock punctuated by bass player Marc Boudousquie’s and drummer Rodney Rollins’ “jazzy blues” rhythm section, McCord’s slick keyboards, a “punchy” guitar played by Setley Smith, and McCord’s and Smith’s strong textured vocals. By the band’s own admission, Rollins’ drumming is the musical focal point. The last member to jump on the bandwagon, Rollins previously played with the reggae band Kush, and he has only recently been exposed to “new music.”

The playlist is mostly original, but with a smattering of some excellent if somewhat obscure covers such as XTC’s “Respectable Street,” The Jam’s “Ghost,” Echo and the Bunnymen’s “Back of Love,” and Joe Jackson’s “Sunday Papers.” The originals touch on some vastly diverse styles. “Anything and Everything” is a romantic love ballad heavy on the harmonies, while “Circlin Around” is a decidedly upbeat reggae rock song. The bittersweet “After The Fall” relies strongly on keyboards and synthesizer, though it is McCord’s vocals that dominate here. Most of the songs are individually composed and then arranged by the entire group.

Multiple Places plan to really push the limits of Rollins’ talent in the future, as well as expand with a synthesizer. They want to experiment in every way, especially in the studio. “We won’t be playing the same stuff in another year,” Smith remarked.

One thing that won’t change is MP’s attitude about their New Orleans heritage. “We want to make use of our own culture,” says Smith. The band is concerned about rejuvenating and reuniting the city’s music scene. “You have to absorb your own roots before you look to other cities.” McCord notes that “everything’s recycled anyway and everyone always ends up looking here; it’s all gonna come back here to New Orleans.”

Vehemently opposed to loud music, Multiple Places searches for a new approach to sound engineering. “Our sound changes from song to song. It doesn’t have to scream at you, the audience will really reach out and listen if it’s done right.” Every other aspect of the music medium is just as crucial to them. Lighting, a stage show, being entertainers, is all part of the deal. They especially look to have audience participation. “We try to bridge the gap between the band and the audience.”

As far as the present is concerned, the band believes they have barely begun to tap their potential. Claiming to be a somewhat lazy and undisciplined group, they realize they have to spend more time working. Yet they also feel that some bands spend too much time rehearsing and that improvisation during a show gives them a creative edge, not to mention some unexpected sparks.

Knowing that being a band from New Orleans is only an advantage, Smith claims with sure conviction, “If you can stun people with your music here, you can stun any audience and get a job anywhere.”
Nouvelle Camp Street

A t the corner of Camp and Julia streets, in the heart of what was once Skid Row, stands the pastel two-year professional school for chefs in Hyde Park, New York. Do you remember the old place?

Did you attend college?
Yes, I went to Hollins College in Virginia. I was studying art then. I don't know why I became disillus-

The quail are driving Esther crazy.

ioned with my artwork so much but gradually, somehow, food became more of a medium for me in my art than paint.

I had always cooked growing up. My daddy and I cooked together, my maid and I cooked. I was always hanging out in the kitchen. When it came time for me to get a job, it was really the only lucrative thing I knew how to do.

I started out in Baton Rouge cooking in a couple of little places. Then I worked at Chalet Brandt restaurant for a year. It's owned by a Swiss man who is a wonderful chef—real strict, real idealistic about his food. He really gave me a new picture about what food and cuisine could be, how to really do it right and what a pleasure it could be.

He urged me to go on and I asked him where I could get formal training and he suggested I go to the Culinary Institute. At the time I was living in New York at the Quilted Giraffe restaurant, which serves nouvelle cuisine. I guess that was the best place I've ever worked in. Their ideas about food affected me more than anyone's.

And then you went to France?
I always did want to go to France because in the back of my mind, I always thought that the French people had that knowledge so I had to see what it was. In reality, the French are sort of the same—they don't have that much more knowledge than we do.

I became convinced after living in Paris for a while that New York is the greatest city in the world for food and restaurants. I think France is the greatest place for French food.

The people are very traditional and they love the French food, they love the traditional way. They don't know so much about every other type of cuisine or try to marry any of them. In Paris, you can go out and get wonderful French food but if you feel like having real good Italian food one night or Mexican food or anything besides French food, you can't find it. In New York, you can go anywhere and eat whatever you want and the best of it.

I think the French have almost been sitting on their nits too long and America has gotten ahead of them. We've had a revolution—a renaissance of American cooking is going on. More and more ideas are coming out. The French are still sort of sitting back.

How do you define nouvelle cuisine?
First of all, a lot of people don't understand nouvelle cuisine. I say nouvelle cuisine is the classic way of cooking without the heavier, floury sauces. There's an emphasis on shorter cooking times for meats, as well as vegetables. And there's a great emphasis on the culinary presentation of the food.

The nouvelle American cuisine, I think, uses the nouvelle techniques—the French techniques with American products and American ideas and input from more areas.

Has a New Orleans version of nouvelle cuisine developed?
Yeah! Let me see if I can think of a dish that would typify it...I made poached sweetbreads at night with a creamy lobster sauce to go over them. Then I sauteed crawfish and mushrooms as a garnish. I think using local products in new and different ways with other different things that you wouldn't think about them going with is what's going on.

To take a traditional local dish like oysters Rockefeller, you could maybe sautee some fresh spinach with chopped, fresh fennel, put it in the little oyster shell and put the poached oysters in and then put a Pernod-flavored beurre blanc over the top. What I think of in my mind when I think of nouvelle food is a much cleaner taste.

Do you find that New Orleansians care more about their food than other people?
They do, I think. I haven't really been that much to the mid-states but I think if you go there, you find out people really don't eat anything like what we do. But because I'm so exposed to food and after living in New York, I sometimes think, 'Well, people here don't know anything.' But of course they do. And they're also very willing to try new things, which is nice.

Some people like to hunt a lot around here and they've used to eating venison, they'll try different, gamey items. I had wild boar and antelope on the menu last week and it went over really well.

Do you still paint?
No, I don't have the time anymore. As I was saying before, I try to really have each place different and to create a picture on every plate. I don't always give everyone the same vegetable. Each vegetable I pick out to go with the food. Then, each person gets a design on their plate.

Does your restaurant have any Specialités de la Maison yet?
One of the things people really like I love myself—I think it is a good dish. It's an appetizer at night: baby quail with foie gras and brandy sauce. We completely bone-out the quail, which we do with most of our poultry. Then we cut them into each half on a little crown with a slice of foie gras on top and brandy sauce. It's served with quail eggs and looks real pretty. It tastes so good! It really does. People like it. Now we're starting to sell a million quails each week. It's driving me crazy because I have to bone them all.

DINETTE'S BEST BETS
A random sampling of diners was asked to recall the best thing they'd had to eat during the last month:

Bayard T. Whimore, architect historian: "It was roast duck at BMW's—and that isn't typical roast duck with orange sauce. The duck was rubbed with herbs and very moist. It was real good."

Lee Barnes, owner of the cooking school and gourmet shop: "Watermelon. I love watermelon and this is the time of the year to eat it."

Jim Russell, record shop owner: "A huge, baked Creole tomato out of our oven at home. Man, that's just about the best thing you can get."

Seywo Nance, cashier at Omar's, "New Orleans' Famous Pie Man": "I was served one of Omar's apple pies because they really are the best!"

George Fester, artist: "I guess it would be the fried softshell crawfish at Sibis—they had it as an appetizer that night."

Renee Freeman, co-owner of Blue Willow delicatessen: "A fettuccine and vitello dish my mother made with those sweet red peppers that are so good right now.
Hottest Videos
New videos added to MTV:

My Oh My – Slade (CBS)
Hello Again – Cars (Elektra)
Leave the Tender Moments Alone – Billy Idol (Columbia)
American Beat – Fleshtones (IRS)
Glamorous Life – Sheila E. ( Warner Bros.)
You’re the Best Thing – Style Council (Geffen)
Waiting For Another Change – Endgame (MCA)
Synthesite – SSQ (EMI)
We’re Not Gonna Take It – Twisted Sister (Atlantic)
Jump For My Love – Pointer Sisters (MCA)

Heavy Rotation on MTV:

You Might Think – Cars (Elektra)
Oh Sherrie – Steve Perry (Columbia)
Sister Christian – Night ranger (MCA)
Photograph – Def Leppard (Mercury)
Head Over Heels – Go-Go’s (ORS)
No Way Out – Jefferson Starship (RCA)
Eyes Without a Face – Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
Time After Time – Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
Jumps – Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
Legs – ZZ Top (Warner Bros.)

Top of the Charts

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<td>Born in the USA – Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)</td>
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<td>Streets of Fire – Soundtrack (MCA)</td>
<td>Self Control – Laura Branigan (Atlantic)</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Carnegie Hall – Rod Stewart ( Warner Bros.)</td>
<td>Jump for My Love – Pointer Sisters (Planet)</td>
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<td>Nitiuneg – Gary X. ( Elektra)</td>
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<td>Rebel Yell – Billy Idol (Chrysalis)</td>
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<td>Grace Under Pressure – Rush (Mercury)</td>
<td>Oh Sherrie – Steve Perry ( Columbia)</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>Mirror Moves – Psychotic Forn – ( RCA)</td>
<td>Tell Me I’m Not Dreaming – Johnny &amp; Michael Jackson ( A &amp; M)</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>Street Talk – Steve Perry (Columbia)</td>
<td>We’re A Miracle – Culture Club (Virgin)</td>
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On Tour
Bruce Springsteen’s “Born in the USA” Tour began in St. Paul, Minnesota June 29 and head east. Fans of The Boss will notice a new face in his E Street Band – guitarist Nils Lofgren, who replaces Miami Steve Van Zandt.

Personal Favorites

Critic’s Choice
Iain Blair Rides Into The Cosmos with the Moody Blues
While other legendary bands of the ’60s either broke up, died, or went disco and then new wave, the Moody Blues bravely resisted such earthy changes. Admittedly, they did retire for a while, but here they are again in 1984, still playing their own inimitable brand of cosmic rock to a packed and enthusiastic house at LA’s Greek Theatre. And if anything, they actually sounded better than ever. Sure, it was mainly a trip down memory lane, but it’s still an enjoyable one, and beside the minimal stripped-down approach and sound of much 80s music, the Moody’s blend of pretentious lyrics, bloated arrangements, strong songs and sheer musicianship, worked like magic.

Predictably, although the veterans did include some more recent material, it was still like “Nights in White Satin,” “Tuesday Afternoon” and “Horse,” a Singer In A Rock and Roll Band” that had everyone singing along and cheering wildly. The band’s harmonies were as strong as ever, and Patrick Moraz’s keyboard work pushed all the right buttons for the adoring crowd. If nothing else, the Moodys are true survivors, having outlived most of their critics as Ray Thomas duly noted. But they also put on a tight and enjoyable show and give their audience what they want – an evening of nostalgia run rampant.

In the Studio
Steve Miller is at Capitol Records in Hollywood producing his forthcoming record. David Cole is engineering... Engineer/producer Joe Chiccarelli has been quite busy of late. He mixed records for The Bangles and Romans Void at Soundcade in Hollywood, working on both projects with producer David Kahane. From here, he hopped over to Oceanway Recorders to engineer tracks for Castle Bravo, David Kershbaum produced. Chiccarelli also turned up at the aforementioned Capitol Studios, engineering an MCA project for ex-Eagle Glenn Frey. Frey is producing this one on his own... French singer star Stevie was at Boogie Hotel in Port Jefferson, New York completing an album for CBS International. The record was produced by Jack Malaney and Rosetta Stone. Don Berman engineered with assistance from Jim Sparling. The Philadelphia-based band Parente were also at the studio, cutting material for Atlantic Records. Joe and Lou Parente are co-producing. Jeffrey Kawrilek is engineering and Chris Isa assisting... Kenny Rogers is using his own studio, Lion Share Recording in Hollywood, to record his next release. Kenny will be co-producing with David Foster and David Molye. Engineering duties are being shared byumberto Galica, Tommy Vizari, John Guess, Larry Furgeson and Steve Schmidt. Gatica and Freure are also engineering a Julio Iglesias program at Lion Share, with producer Ramone Arcusa. Meanwhile, work continues at the studio on Donna Summer’s new record, which is being produced by Michael O’Martian and engineered by Tom Foutz... Gil Scott-Heron is at Hollywood’s Crystal Sound recording with producer Malcolm Cecil. At the same studio, Howard Segel is producing and engineering a record for Gary Myrick and studio owner/designer Andrew Berliner is completing a record for Rosemary Butler... Bobby and the Midnights are at Cherokee Studios LA, recording an album with producer Jeff “Skunk” Baxter. Soap star Michael Damiens (“The Young and the Restless”) is cutting tracks with producer Tom Weir and engineer Brad Gilderman... The Crucados (formerly LA’s beloved combo, The Plugz) are recording for EMI with George Tutko producing and engineering. Meanwhile the Metal assault continues at Cherokee. Ace producers/engineering team Tom Weiman and Geoff Workman are doing projects with Dokken and Twisted Sister, while Doug Nieder records Victor and Brad Gilderman cuts tracks with Rex Havok.


10 mg. “tar”.
0.8 mg. nicotine
av per cigarette
by FTC method.
THE OFFICIAL
NEW ORLEANS
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ANNIVERSARY ALBUM
Volume 1

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JEAN "SUGAR BUM" KNIGHT
BOBBY "BEE" MANN
BOBBY "BLUE" MURPHY
ROBERT "WAX & GRACE"

Battling Bands

JIMMY'S NEW MUSIC SHOWCASE
JULY 10th & 11th
5 BANDS PER NIGHT
$2.00 COVER

The first New Music Showcase held at Jimmy's Club was an experimental and eventful ordeal. With two of New Orleans' most locally aimed music mediums chipping in to help shoulder the responsibility of pulling this thing off, Wavelength and 13-Q Radio fostered Jimmy Anselmo's most recent brain child - The New Music Showcase "Showdown."

The showcase featured ten not very well known local bands for two consecutive nights. Five bands each night competed for the audience's favor, which in turn should win them the grand prize of studio time at Gilbert Hetherwick's Grouse House Studios.

The general idea was that patrons received a voting ballot upon their initial entry and would stay to hear five mini-sets from the five bands had played and the winner would be determined by total number of votes received, the most votes wins.

How an individual chooses his or her favorite band, whether through appreciation of its talent or by personal association, the understated purpose of the showdown was to help the fans decide which of these new and not so well known local bands would be worth a return patronage.

13-Q's Terry Knight, "The Dapper Rapper," and Bumper "Bump In The Night" Morgan were on hand for professional introductions, and were the interchangeable M.C.'s. John Tobler of Popstar did a great job of overseeing the set changes and seemed to have mastered the art of coercive cooperation.

TUESDAY, JULY 10: Final Academy had the tough job of opening up the competition, having been randomly selected to play first. There were not too many people there for the beginning of the first night of The New Music Showcase, but the group gave a brave and respectable effort at winning the favor of their small, but interested audience. They played all original music with a twist of Echo and the Bunnymen and The Cure, among others, to produce what's dubbed "psychedelic samba." A gallant performance with promise.

The Press, with one member called out of town, had to cancel.

The Hands started ahead of their schedule, thanks to The Press, and presented a lively and entertaining show, complete with a good sense of professionalism in terms of respecting their audience's (which was growing by that time) intelligence—they didn't push it. The Hands performed uptempo music with familiar influences like The Police and a welcome new musical ingredient—violin as performed by Susan Volz.

Next up was The Crowd, a four-member band with what seemed to be a low profile. They did their set with only one out of town and seemed to have a strong R.E.M. influence. However, not much audience response was noted. Theirs was the off-center performance of the evening...

The Rogues closed the evening's competition with various covers, make-overs and audience participation. Their vocalist did admirable mimicry of several music personalities. The Rogues looked as if they were enjoying themselves on stage—and had a flurry of followers to back them up.

The first evening's judging revealed Louisiana know-how politics. Not to discredit the winner, but in all fairness to those who earnestly competed musically, an addendum is most appropriate. The one time, rigid, one-ballot-per-person theory slipped through the cracks as various forms of feelers groped into the bag containing the official ballots when the officiator was not paying attention. The results of this popularity contest (or whose fans could snatch
and stuff the most slips) was The Crowd. ("I thought The Rogues won," said Logan Crowe of The Crowd a few days after the show.) Surely, fans from other bands were expecting a different return for their unspausalous support.

Wednesday, July 11: With ballots now under strict and close scrutiny, the second night's competition drew a much larger crowd, practically double the amount of people from the previous night (a welcomed return for Jimmy's efforts). Popstart kicked in with their own brand of lighthearted pop music and originals. Again, a tough break provided the first of five bands for the night. They played gracially and were genuinely pleased with their meager audience response (the first couple of sets of the evening suffered the impact of a slow but steady increase in patronage).

Following Popstart's mini-set was the band Loose Change. They carried themselves well on stage and presented us with some decent vocals and some more covers.

The Numbers came up and did their set. There are only three members in The Numbers. They were not very energetic on stage and their low-lights performance provided a break from the pop music and served as a good conductor into the next set. Another nearsighted R.E.M. influence seemed to be generated.

Vital Functions seemed heartfelt and determined on stage. Theirs was a good performance with an all-around good attitude under the lights and nice vocals from lead singer Anne Levingston. The band really kicked up its heels on a few songs and seemed to be a likely contender for the lead.

Last but not least, Multiple Places took to the stage. Immediately a fine drum sound from Rodney Rollins commanded your attention and set down the band's jurisdiction—prestige none of the previous competitors enjoyed. Couple the beat you can't beat with the band's high energy level and lead singer Duncan McCord's infectious playfulness and, most appropriately, fairly, justly and in reality have our winner of the second night's competition—Multiple Places.

Jimmy Anselmo was pleased with the show of interest The New Music Showcase generated and is presently arranging to run the competition again this month on August 14 and 15. Bands tentatively committed to the arena are The Socials, Frozen Tears, Union Chant, The Cruisers, Taken, the Dino Kruise Band, Nuclear Choir and The Press.

All in all, the price is right and the bands genuinely want the exposure. It's a good way to judge for yourself which of the new, unrecognizable names on the telephone pole are worth their graphic descriptions.
RARE RECORD

Ronnie & The Delinquent
'Bad Neighborhood'
JC 1000

Here's a rocker from 1959, the first of only two issues on JC Records, a subsidiary of Ace. There never actually was a group called Ronnie and the Delinquents, as Ronnie Barron and Mac Rebenack accounted for most of this record's instrumentation. Barron played acoustic piano and Rebenack the guitar on the basic track and then they overdubbed Barron playing drums and Rebenack on electric piano.

Barron grew up in Algiers, learning to play piano around the Orchid Club where Professor Longhair appeared on occasion. In 1958 he met Mac Rebenack, who was just establishing himself as a songwriter and recording artist. Together they formed the Skyliners to back Frankie Ford on the road and to work dances around town. Initially Barron was groomed as a successor to Ace's other teen idols, Ford and Clanton, but his style proved too rare for the public wards of Avalon and Fabian. Barron and Rebenack remained cohorts until

after the latter had launched his Dr. John career.

Back to the record, it's a treat from beginning to end. Mac gets some real Ray Charles-like riffs rolling on the electric piano and the vocal interplay between "the Delinquents" rivals the best rock 'n' roll patter of the day for the Fabulous Clowns. What really makes this one is the wild overdubs of pinball machines, police sirens, and eight balls dropping into the side pocket! This one was reissued on Dr. John's Ace Lp five years ago, but sadly it too has gone out of print.

—Almost Slim

REVIEWS

The Neville Brothers
NEVILLE-IZATION
Black Top 1031

It's hard to believe the last time I reviewed a new Neville Brothers album was way back in the pages of the old Figaro. As I recall I offered cautious praise for the Flyo on the Bayou LP that appeared on A&M, but in retrospect, I should have been more critical of the production-laden rehashes of old Meters tunes. Since that last release more than three years ago, the Nevilles' rumour-mill had the brothers as close to their musical roots. But then, the New Orleans sports pages have the Saints in the playoffs. One month the Rolling Stones were going to take the group under their wing. Then MCA was going to spare no expense to produce a record album that would change the world. Then Atlantic was in the picture, then RCA. Well after all these years we've finally got something tangible with the Nevilles' name on it.

The major question I've heard about the two previous LPs has been, "Why don't they sound like they do when they play live?" This album should put those criticisms to rest as it was recorded live at Tipitina's in September 1982. For my money, this is by far the best representation of the Nevilles yet, as the group is in great form through.

There are no surprises really if you've ever heard the Nevilles live, as this LP represents a typical Neville set. Things get started on the right foot with "Fever," with everyone getting some good vocal licks in. Aaron pretty much steals the thunder for the rest of side one, singing his signature tunes, "Woman's Gotta Have It" and of course, "Tell It Like It Is." He sound so much better with just the sparse accompaniment of a few instruments. It is my opinion that his voice is really an instrument and in the past producers have erred by surrounding him with orchestras, trumpets, string sections, etc. Compare "Tell It Like It Is" delivered here almost acappella style with "Mona Lisa" from the last LP to see what I mean.

Next Art Neville takes over on the Neville warhorse, "Mojo Hannah," but then really outdoes himself on "Why You Wanna Hurt My Heart," for my money the LP's classiest track. "Fear, Hate, Envy, Jealousy" opens off the flip side with Art and Cyril swapping snappy vocals. Charles throws in a musical change-of-pace by taking the instrumental lead on Duke Ellington's "Caravan." Cyril does things out with a funk-ed-up version of "Big Chief" and the side closes with the reflective "Africa," recalling the past glories of the Meters.

Now that Tiptiina's is no longer with us, suddenly this album means so much more, as the Nevilles were practically synonymous with the club. I hate to sound overly reflective, but it seems that we might just have witnessed the passing of an era, but that's another subject. The only bitch I have here is that Ivan Neville was relegated to the role of sideman, but then his day will come soon.

Fears, Hate, Envy, Jealousy starts off the flip side with Art and Cyril swapping snappy vocals.

—Almost Slim
When I was a young boy, the White Citizens Council used to hand out leaflets on Canal Street, warning that the African continent was another story. It would eventually lead to the destruction of our republic. The sort of story our parents would have listened to.

Most of the other selections on the disc resemble the sounds that were popular in Havana’s nightclubs before the Revolution: African percussion, sneaky horns, rhumba rhythms. Victor Uwaifo, dropping the “Sir” part of his name momentarily and recording with the Titibitis (well, not all Africans are polite!), promises “Five Days A Week Love” via a competent reggae rhythm and English lyrics—nothing to spare with Kingstonian toasters and boosters, though. Dr. Victor Olaoya, not to be confused with Uwaifo, is the album’s brightest star. His cuts include the Satchmo-meets-Bo Diddley “Faya” and “Mo Fe Mu’Yan,” which moves like a wounded elephant. Dr. Olaoya does some blissfully nasty muted trumpeting near the song’s conclusion.

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Dennis McGee: ‘C'est pas qui je vieux; c'est juste que je ici depuis longtemps.’

('It's not that I'm old; it's just that I've been here a long time.')

Last year I had the pleasure of interviewing John Broven whose South To Louisiana stands as a landmark book in the development of literature on Cajun music. "How could an Englishman write such a comprehensive book on Louisiana music?" I asked him. "I'm a fan," he replied, "a very curious fan, and I honestly don't know why someone from down here didn't write this story before me!"

Mr. Broven will be happy to learn that scheduled for publication this month is a new book from the University of Texas Press by a Louisiana author that is destined to become a landmark oral history in its own right. The Makers of Cajun Musk by Barry Jean Ancelet is possibly the most intimate view many of us will ever get into the aesthetic, lifestyle, and philosophy of Cajun "roots" musicians and their younger contemporaries. Ancelet achieves such intimacy by allowing the musicians to speak in their own colorful dialect and then translating "to represent the simplicity, clarity, and dignity of the original French statements." Ancelet covers subjects from the original, prototypical folk artists like Dennis McGee and Lula Landry, up through successors like Don Montoucet and Clifton Chenier, to those younger musicians who carry the banner of tradition most proudly such as Michael Doucet and Zachary Richard.

The Makers of Cajun Music also contains a number of eloquent photographs by painter Elemore Morgan, Jr. While Morgan's pictures have admittedly been "tempered with the need of the folklorist to record and illustrate," they often manage to show us the pride and spirit of these strong-willed people. The foreword by Ralph Rinzler of the Smithsonian Institute and Ancelet's own history-packed introduction provide a wealth of insight into the cultural climate and tradition from which this music came.

Born in 1893, Dennis McGee is the dean of Cajun fiddlers. He has been playing for over seventy-five years, most of those with his brother-in-law Sady Courville. Their twin fiddling style goes back to Cajun music before the accordion, when reels and contredanses, mazurkas and cotillions were standard fare.

"When I was growing up, people danced to reels. They stopped dancing reels when I was young. They continued to dance contredanses throughout my courting days. When I was just beginning to court, they had stopped dancing reels but still danced contredanses. The reel was a difficult dance and it took good legs. You had to jump around quite a bit. But the contredanse wasn't difficult. You just had to turn around, making little steps while you turned.

"I would love to be twenty years old again. I would want to take over the country. I would want to play and sing so well that everyone would come to me."

-Dennis McGee

Folks who know Dennis often say, "When they made him, they threw away the mold...and thank God!" His personality, his talent, and now his age allow him a great degree of eccentricity, which he relishes whether performing before a folk festival audience or fishing alone in his favorite bayou.

Dennis learned to play from his father, grandfather, uncle, and neighbors in L'Anse des Roueaux, near Eunice. His childhood was steeped in fiddle tunes.

"My father played the fiddle, my father-in-law played, and I had an uncle who played the fiddle. My father's name was John McGee and my uncle's name was Ulysse McGee. He played left-handed. Almost all of the McGees were fiddlers. Oscar McGee played the fiddle, too. He was a good musician. He was a son of Joseph McGee, who also played the fiddle.

"My father died a long time ago. And even then, a long time before he died, he had quit playing the fiddle because he got shot in the arm and
he couldn't turn it to hold the fiddle. I was about fourteen or fifteen years old when he got shot, but I used to hear him play tunes before, when I was a young boy. And his daddy played most of the same tunes before him.”

—Dennis McGee

By the time Cajun music was first recorded commercially, in 1928, Dennis and Sady were already firmly established musicians in their community. Their first recordings were among the earliest 78s released in South Louisiana. The chance to record was a result of talent, luck, and “who you knew,” much like the situation today, but the budding recording industry had not yet defined details such as royalties and rights.

“There was an old man in the community who was always promoting different things. So he asked Dennis and me to go to Shreveport to broadcast. That was the classiest radio station around here outside of New Orleans. So we went out there and broadcasted and we came back over here. That was about 1927. When we came back he asked this man that I was working with if he thought we would like to make some records. You see, Joe Falcon had just come out with an accordion record. He made the first records.

“Okay, if he thought we would like to make some records. I decided if he thought we would like to make some records. I said, ‘I wonder if Dennis and Sady would go and make some records.’ That was the old 78s at that time. So Fruge asked me and I asked Dennis. He had said, ‘They would pay all your expenses, you know. And I had this old fiddle here. I had it in a flour sack. I didn’t even have a case for it. So we got on a train here one morning and went to New Orleans, somewhere in the French Quarter on the second floor, and we made those records. We made about eight or ten of them. Ten tunes, five records each.

Like many Cajun musicians, Sady and Dennis quit playing music for long periods of their lives while working in the fields, establishing businesses, and raising families.

“When I stopped playing music, I stayed a long time without playing again. I don’t know why. I was just tired of all that. I didn’t enjoy playing anymore. I worked in the fields. I couldn’t work hard in the fields and play all night. Then I decided I was tired of that and I started playing the fiddle again. That’s when I started playing with Amede Ardoin and Angelas Lejeune and Arnest Fruge. I played with both accordion players. Angelas and Arnest and I played together as a trio. When I played with Arnest, we played just the two of us. I played right with him. Whatever he played, I played. He was the singer and while he sang, I played the melody. But I had quit playing for twenty years, we started again with Sady and Amede and Angelas.”

—Dennis McGee

Both men eventually came to Eunice after farming in the countryside nearby. Sady worked as a salesman for a furniture store and eventually opened his own Courville’s Furniture Store. Dennis went back and forth between barbering and farming, finally opening his own one-chair barber shop in the front room of his house in Eunice.

“I became a barber two or three different times in my life. I cut hair in both Chataignier and Bayou Iber. While I was cutting hair and playing music, I went to work with the courthouse in Chataignier. Then I worked for Bell and then for the department store family. And then I went to work with the courthouse.”

Then I came here to Eunice to work with Debusson in the police force. His son still has a barber shop at the Liberty Theater. I worked for a while with him, and then I opened a shop of my own in my house. My wife said, ‘I’ll give you a room in my house to open a shop.’ She took out all the furniture, and

I bought myself a barber chair. I bought a razor, clippers...I bought everything I needed. And I started making a pretty good living. I made good money, and people liked me because I cut hair well. I had learned from some good barbers. I charged a dollar twenty-five. Others charged a dollar and half, and boy, they were mad at me because I didn’t charge as much. But I followed the law. I charged according to the rules. I didn’t charge any lower, but I didn’t charge any higher either.”

—Dennis McGee

With his move to town, Dennis put the musician’s life aside, but only for a while. He eventually began playing again with Sady, Angelas Lejeune, and the legendary black Creole accordion player, Amede Ardoin, who profoundly influenced Dennis’s music. Amede and Dennis played regularly together for black and white dances and made several records between 1928 and 1933, despite the strict segregationist climate of the times.

“Amede and I worked together. We worked for the same people. We were both sharecroppers. He played the accordion and I played the fiddle. And the boss liked music, so at night he would have us get together to play some. I would play the fiddle and Amede would play the accordion and we would both sing. Oscar Comeaux was the boss’s name. He lived in Choupique. He really liked our music. That’s when Amede and I started playing together. We kept on playing together after that. Every once in a while, we would play for a dance in the neighborhood. Then when Oscar went broke and quit farming, Amede left to come live in Eunice and I came to live here too. We started playing all over the area. We would go as far as old Mr. Leleux’s dance hall in Bayou Queue de Tortue. And for Dumas Herpin. We brought so many people to Dumas’s place that they climbed up on the little fence they had to protect the musicians from the crowd and they broke it. They came rolling in like balls. It was really funny to see. The people wanted to come to us. We were making good music in those days. I sang well and played the fiddle well, and Amede played and sang well, too. Joe Falcon came to dance to our music. And we’d play just us two, fiddle and accordion. Sometimes we had Petit Negre Shexnayder to play with us.”

—Dennis McGee

For years now, Dennis and Sady have been among the last bearers of their venerable tradition, keepers of the oldest tunes and styles. They have influenced many of the fiddlers active in Cajun music directly or indirectly, including Dewey Balfa and Michael Doucet. In recognition of his contribution as a musician, teacher, and living archive, the University of Southwestern Louisiana recently named Dennis McGee Honorary Dean of Cajun Music. He has learned to appreciate his own rich tradition and sprinkles his performances, whether at home for visitors or at festivals, with the kind of full-bodied flavor that comes only with age.

Adieu, Rosa.
Merci demain, c’est pas dimanche.
Adieu, Rosa.
Merci Bon Dieu t’es pas ma femme.
Jure, my Lord!

"I adore Rosi," traditional, as performed by Dennis McGee, Le Vieux Musique acrylics, Swallow 6004, © Flat Town Music (BMI)

Goodbye, Rosa.
Thanks tomorrow is not Sunday.
Goodbye, Rosa.
Thank God you’re not my wife.
I swear, my Lord!

"There was a fellow named Daxie Manuel who lived at Pointe aux Tigres who also played old-time fiddle. He never wore shoes and his feet were really long. He stomped his foot on the floor to keep time when he played and, thundertation, you could hear him, fiddle and foot, a mile away. He was one of the best of the old musicians."

"I play one song called ‘Guilbeau Pelouquin’s Waltz.’ It comes from the Old War, that one. He played that tune on his own tomb, just before being shot by a firing squad. Guilbeau Pelouquin. He asked his captain to let him play one tune on his fiddle before dying. He sat down on his coffin and played that tune. When he finished, they shot him and buried him.

Nobody knows how to play these tunes anymore. My daddy used to play them and Sady’s daddy and his uncle. But now, I’m the one who keeps the tunes. Sometimes I feel lonely in my music.”

—Dennis McGee
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599
LP or CASSETTE

METRONOME
1017 Pleasant Street at Magazine Street
Prince
in his first motion picture

Purple Rain

OPENS FRIDAY, JULY 27th, AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!
BAR EXAM
By Bunny Matthews

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS BAR

Yo ou don't have to cover much territory to find a great bar in New Orleans—usually, it's only a matter of a few steps in one direction or another. Section 545 of the City Code prohibits taverns within 300 feet of churches, schools, playgrounds and public libraries but otherwise any building with a roof can be a bar. And any 18-year-old with a police record free of felonies can secure a permit to sell alcohol.

While the state of Louisiana is renowned as "Sportsmen's Paradise," the city of New Orleans has long been celebrated as a sort of "Alcoholic's Paradise." The cocktail was invented here—presumably because the early settlers could conceive of no other way to survive the intolerable climate and the native insects. Before the Civil War, white New Orleans males, upon reaching the age of 14 or 15, were presented with a stiff drink and a mulatto concubine. All the mysteries of life, reasoned the fathers of the day, could be solved through immersion in alcohol and lust. Reconstruction brought an end to the concubinage and the native insects. Before the Civil War, white New Orleans males, upon reaching the age of 14 or 15, were presented with a stiff drink and a mulatto concubine. All the mysteries of life, reasoned the fathers of the day, could be solved through immersion in alcohol and lust. Reconstruction brought an end to the concubinage and the native insects.

A city so devoted to drinking naturally requires estimable watering holes—perhaps the finest such facilities in the world. Let others, less civilized cities lay claim to economic booms, low crime rates, and the sublimity of modern architecture. We are not ashamed to be the slaves of capitalism. It does not particularly bother us when a fellow inhabitant chops his roommate into small pieces, which he then douses with meat-tenderizer for home consumption. Our architectural concerns inspire the installation of woodgrained aluminum siding, designed to combat imaginary home-wrecking pests who seems to be the by-product of a cartoonist's bout with delirium tremens.

What we know about here, what we are ready to joust with lances over (on the Chalmette Battlefield or the parking lot of Schwemm's Annunciation Street store, if need be) is bars. We are a fairly loose race hereabouts, a people philosophical in nature. The issue of bars, however, is passionate turf—the realm of rigid, unalterable ideas.

Despite the recent invasion of what one might call "Texas-ized" bars—chic bistros built of glass bricks and furnished with Italian chairs and vases of red antherea—the true "New Orleans-style" bar does not appear to be waning in popularity.

How does the casual observer locate these great temples of local culture and inebriation? There are basically 10 hallmarks of the great New Orleans bar:

1. The bar's windows are painted black with the bar's name in gold lettering, centered between logos for Regal or any other brand of beer that is no longer brewed.

2. The bar's interior walls are coated with swirls of aged plaster, tinted yellowish-brown from cigarette smoke. In the truly great places, nicotine slowly drips from the ceiling to the linoleum floor.

3. A stuffed fish, also stained from smoke and nicotine, hangs above the cash-register. Other decorations might include a platter, usually manufactured in Brazil, of butterfly wings pressed behind glass; framed photographs of former New Orleans Saints; 3-D pictures of Persian kittens and the crucifixion of Jesus; a Rigid Tools calendar; crinkled pin-ups of Candy "The 7th, 8th and 9th Wonders of the World Together" Samples; a poster advertising bus rides to Angola (most often seen in great black New Orleans bars); a selection of bounced checks; and a Zulu coconut, half-covered with fuzzy green mold.

4. Plants, if any, are plastic and dusty.

5. The jukebox favors Louis Prima, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Styx. It is barely audible.

6. The barmaid is a woman of indeterminate age (between 40 and 90) with a dirty mouth and a blonde wig, worn slightly askew. Her arms are bruised.

7. Besides the usual alcoholic beverages, the bar sells pickled eggs, clip-on sunglasses, antifreeze and Zero candy bars.

8. There is at least one customer, wearing a baseball cap, who has never left the bar. His days are spent examining his cuticles and mumbling quietly.

9. The bar's regular patrons all attended parochial school together. They are suspicious and contemptuous of any man who drives a foreign car.

10. No one goes to this bar to meet people or to arrange sexual liaisons. No one goes "to have a good time." People go to the great New Orleans bar to get drunk.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BAR

One of the big bar hits of the summer is Sheila's, a "Down Under" facility located on the Fulton Street Mall at the World's Fair. Its most notable feature (and a not particularly attractive one) is a large "kangaroo," carved from Louisiana cypress by a man with a chainsaw (better used for massacres rather than art, the critic reckons). The live entertainment includes appearances by the Neville Brothers and manager Col Joye says Sheila's will continue to operate after the Louisiana World Exposition.
Ordinarily, one can hear gospel music at Municipal Auditorium or in church. The New Storyville Jazz Hall, 1104 Decatur Street, not only presents live gospel music (on Sunday afternoons) but also the wonderful Placide Adams and his Dixieland Hall Jazz Band. There are church pews for seating, waitresses in black fishnet tights (don't wanna get too religious!), a reasonable cover charge ($2) and children are welcome. The jazz gets more progressive and/or obtuse after Midnight.

THE GREAT CAR BAR

Considering the long-standing popularity of Impalas and Bel-Airs and Sting Rays and Z-28's in this area, Chevy's at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Lafayette should fare well. The dancefloor is reputed to be the largest in the city and the musical policy (taped or live) is still a matter of experimentation. An actual Chevy is part of the interior decor although this is no Big Deal compared to the late Crash Landing in Metairie, which was built around an airplane—and not a pint-sized Cessna, either.

THE GREAT IRISH BAR

Ryan's 500 Pub, at the corner of Bourbon and St. Louis, aims to move the Irish Channel downtown. The bartender, Turlough Faolain (author of Blood On The Harp: Irish Rebel History in Ballad), slow-drips a "proper pint" of Guinness in the customary Irish manner—a procedure that requires a good five minutes of dripping. Danny Doyle and Butch Moore, who battle each other for supremacy of the Irish record charts, have both performed at Ryan's and every Sunday afternoon at 3, there's a ceili—Gaelic for "dance-gathering."

THE GREAT NEW ORLEANS DRINK

Adam Theriot of the Sazerac Bar at the Fairmont Hotel concocts a Ramos Gin Fizz.

1. 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
2. 3 dashes egg white
3. 3 dashes lemon juice and
4. 2 dashes orange flower water
5. 1 oz. Booth's Old Tom gin
6. 3 oz. milk
7. Add ice
8. Shake

"That's the Ramos Gin Fizz. That's one of the greatest drinks in New Orleans...the most famous drink of the city. It made the hotel famous. It made the whole city famous."
Wether he's laying down a funky blues shuffle in One Mo' Time or exploring the far-out realm of free jazz with Ramsey McLean and the Lifers, drummer Herlin Riley Jr. keeps a fire cooking under a band.

One of the young lions to emerge from the New Orleans music scene in recent years, at 27 Riley's reputation as a top-notch percussionist is reaching beyond his hometown to the far-flung corners of the jazz world. The diverse experiences of developing in the Crescent City have prepared Riley to handle many different musical challenges.

"I feel very fortunate coming from these surroundings whereby you have a chance to hear so many different kinds of music," said Riley during a conversation at his Lower Ninth Ward home. "New Orleans being a 'little big place,' everybody knows each other and all the musicians around town are like a family. It gives you a chance to play and be exposed to different kinds of music. Everybody's doing something different.

"There are so many people here who never even considered themselves musicians," he continued, "but still have this certain flair and feel and knack for making music."

Riley's roots run deep in New Orleans music. He is a member of the Lastie family which has produced many fantastic musical artists (his mom, Betty Ann, is a gospel-influenced singer).

"It started in church: that's where I got it, everything comes out of the church for me. My grandfather [Deacon Frank Lastie] is a drummer. He played with Louis Armstrong around 1918. My uncles were musicians, my mother plays piano and sings gospel music," said Riley, "so the gospel influence comes, naturally, out of the church. My jazz influence comes from my uncles because they had rehearsals at my grandparents' house and I was always there.

"They exposed me to jazz and R&B and as I got older and started maturing and studying music a little bit I started being exposed to other facets of music," Riley continued. "Each one was equally fascinating to me to learn and try to master."

The emphasis on family tradition is an integral part of the music that comes from New Orleans, and in many ways responsible for the musical magic created here.

"A family is a unit," said Riley. "It's like putting some liquid Jell-O into a bowl and sitting it in the refrigerator and watching it come together. This is how we've been all our lives. We were raised together, we all went to church together. We prayed together, ate together, slept together. That bond is unmatched. How can you match the bond between a brother and sister, mother and son?"

The Lasties had a family band, A Taste of New Orleans, which still plays occasionally, and Riley played trumpet in the group. He studied trumpet formally until he was 18. Although he always could drum naturally, he became a full-time drummer almost by a fluke.
Working as a trumpeter in a burlesque show on Bourbon Street as a teenager, Riley took over the drums when the band's regular drummer quit because it was easier to break in a new trumpeter into the act. Having been with the band for a while, Riley already knew where the accentuate the dancer's bumps and grinds with the various percussive effects. From that point on, Riley kept getting more and more jobs. He is a great technician. When it comes to technique, he knows his horn and can get over his horn very well.

Last year, the coup de grace to Riley's blossoming career came when he received a call from trumpeter Al Hirt informing him that pianist Ahmad Jamal wanted to hire him for his famed trio.

"Emory called about 8 a.m. and said, 'Hey, Herlin, Ahmad Jamal needs you.' I said, 'What, this is eight in the morning, come on, man, this is not the time for fooling around.' Can you imagine somebody waking you up out of your sleep telling you that one of the world's greatest piano players would like you to work in his band? Emory said, 'No, I'm serious, he really would like you to work with him.'"

That same night Riley was on the bandstand with Jamal in Phoenix, Arizona, and remained with the pianist for eight months. Riley recorded an album with Jamal, which is due for release, and plans on going back on the road with the trio later this year.

Riley continues, "I learned to play with brushes, I learned to use my mallets. I learned to play, I would say, with a little taste, how to play dynamically, soft and loud. Besides that, this guy was a great showman and I watched him and he taught me a lot about how to sell yourself from the stage."

Eventually Riley hooked up with One Mo' Time and toured Australia and London, including a performance for Queen Elizabeth II. He also worked a regular gig with trumpeter Al Hirt.

"Al Hirt, boy, yes sir, I worked with old Jum-
Almost Continental Slim

Our resident blues scholar takes a field trip to Europe, where New Orleans music is more popular than it is in New Orleans.

Over the past three years it has become common for European musicologists to visit these shores and report on American blues and rhythm 'n' blues music. At times their thirst for information is seemingly insatiable. Books have been written and magazines founded just to report on their findings. Well, a recent vacation across the ocean allowed me to put the shoe on the other foot. I can't be certain, but this might well have been the first rhythm 'n' blues field trip taken to European soil by a visiting North American journalist.

Not surprisingly, American music is quite popular in Europe. New Orleans music in fact is probably more popular there than it is in New Orleans. Hardly a fortnight goes by without a new reissue emerging from the vaults of one of the past purveyors of New Orleans R&B or another obscure jazz session is unearthed and put in the racks. There seems to be no lack of live R&B either — purveyors of New Orleans R&B or another — reissue emerging from the vaults of one of the past.

I was interested in hearing some of the British bands I'd recently heard on wax, namely the Mickey Jupp Band, Red Beans and Rice, the Chevalier Brothers, the Electric Bluebirds and particularly Dix and the Doormen, who were also backing Dr. John on a series of engagements. The main outlet for live R&B seemed to be the smaller clubs like Dingwalls, Dublin Castle, the Mean Fiddler, the Half Moon and the 100 Club. It seemed that any evening of the week there was something of interest to investigate at one of the clubs.

Eventually I succumbed to jet lag just before the pubs reopened (London pubs are open only between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 11 p.m.), so I was forced to contain my evening activities. Next morning, however, we were off after a spot of tea and a croissant to meet Ted Carroll at Ace Records.

To those of you not familiar with Ace, it is one of the major reissuers of blues, rockabilly, rock 'n' roll, country, and of course New Orleans R&B. They have four volumes of The Ace Story out, plus LPs by Earl King, Frankie Ford, Ronnie Byun, Fats Domino and Huey Smith. We'd just missed a red beans and rice party in honor of their one hundredth album, by Huey "Piano" Smith and the Clowns, but Ted took time out from a busy day to "show off the place." Ace had also received a stack of wild vintage photos of Little Richard for a future release, as well as ultra rare color slides of Elmore James from 1959.

Ace had also just leased an excellent recent session by our own Frankie Ford with a polished British band backing, Johnny and the Roccos. After exchanging tapes, the latest record business gossip, and what's so-and-so doing, we planned to meet that evening at an Italian restaurant to do more of the same.

Over linguini and white wine, Ted continued to fill me in on the British record and live music scene. The British are really leaving no stones uncovered when it comes to reissuing vintage R&B sides. American companies that hold the rights to this material are more than willing to lease masters to Europeans for much less than what you'd imagine. The break-even point for a company like Ace is 3,000 LPs; if they do 5,000 they definitely have a hit and any more is what we would call lagniappe. So far for Ace their biggest sellers have been surprises, as both a George Jones rockabilly collection and an Arthur Alexander greatest hits package have become modest best sellers. Ted Carroll also plans a trip to Texas and Louisiana to have another go at the Starday and Ace catalogs quite soon, so watch out.

The next morning I went around the London 'specialist' record shops, finding a number of items unavailable in America. By far the best shop I encountered was Dobell's on Tower Street, in the West End. The blues section is managed by Les Fancourt, who recently compiled the excellent Chess Blues Discography. If in London stop by because Les can fill the visitor in on upcoming gigs and the latest LPs from all corners of the globe.

For jazz aficionados, no trip to London would be complete without a visit to Ray's jazz shop on Shaftesbury Avenue. Not only is their selection of recent LPs unmatched, but they carry a wide variety of out-of-print albums as well as 78s.

One note about English record shops. As in some American cites, the rack contain only covers. If you want to purchase an album, you take the cover to the desk and ask them to give you the actual disc. Records aren't unnecessarily steep unless you're looking to buy an American issue. English LPs retail for around $7, while French and Scandinavian LPs are approximately $1.50 more.

I picked up a Bobby Charles collection on English Chess, a Snooks Eaglin collection of Imperial singles on Sundown and a couple of old Storyville discs I'd long since lost.

All of the specialist shops are well-stocked with corresponding reading material. I picked up some excellent magazines including Picking The Blues, Roll Street Journal, Blues Unlimited, New Generation, and New Backbeat. Even the biggest pizza chain in England, Pizza Express, prints its own music magazine, Jazz Express. Just about all of them are excellent and worth picking up.

We were also pointed in the direction of the Scala Cinema Club on Pentonville Road that had an excellent array of avant garde films. We caught the rock 'n' roll triple feature showing Rock Rock Rock, Go Johnny Go and The Girl Can't Help It.

Rock Rock Rock was one of those Allen Freed quickies from '56. It would have been completely forgettable if it weren't for cameos of Chuck Berry (motorovatin' on "You Can't Catch Me"), Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers ("I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent") and the Flamingoes.

Much better was Go Johnny Go (1958) starring
as it turned out, Dr. John did sound leagues better with Diz and the Doorman the next evening. But first a few notes on Diz. I was introduced to Diz and the Doorman via their great album, Blue Coat Man (Ace 54) which is nothing but unadulterated, foot-stomping, over-the-top New Orleans R&B. Diz even started a collection to buy a plaque to honor Professor Longhair which, if I'm not mistaken, serves as his grave marker. Actually I ran into Diz completely by accident at Dobell's Record Shop earlier in the week when he asked about the availability of Smiley Lewis albums. Surely only one man in England sports a massive handlebar moustache, a clams and blues t-shirt, were lucrative, most of the solo London dates barely paid the rent. If he wanted to make real money he has to play in Scandinavia. Amazingly, he plays once a month once a year to escape the British winter. He hopes to be able to visit New Orleans again, perhaps to play the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Meanwhile back to the Mean Fiddler, where Dr. John showed up back stage he was in obvious good spirits. We discussed the relative merits of cricket while Tommy, Diz's cong-a player—a West Indian, and a proper looking English gentleman that served as Dr. John's manager, got into a heated discussion over a recent British-West Indian test match. Dr. John and myself came to the conclusion the same made no sense, especially New Orleans. From there the subject switched to the demise of boxer Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini and to the upcoming Wimbledon tennis tournament. As the Doorman filed out on stage, Dr. John terminated the haggling by declaring, "Sure, McKenzie is good but he'll never be able to play guitar like Guitar Slim!"

Well, Diz sounded superb pouting through a set that included "Mardi Gras In New Orleans," "Messaroun," and "Somebody Done Changed the Lock On The Door." When it came time for Dr. John, he, too, took Diz's spot behind the piano he launched into many of the same tunes from the night before but with much more fire and determination. When he switched to guitar, and Diz returned to the piano, the sparks really began to fly throughout the ten-minute rendition of Earl King's "Let The Good Times Roll." It was hard to tell who was having more fun, the people on the dance floor screaming for more or the band. For myself, I've grown accustomed to Dr. John's solo piano opuses of late, and actually I'd prefer the piano. So when I found myself stomping my foot and ordering rounds of bitter for everyone! After bidding adieu and promising to write everyone once I got back to New Orleans, I left with one of my most pleasurable memories of the trip.

Next day I was off for a visit to Charly Records, probably the world's largest and most successful purveyor of reissue recordings. Presently Charly has the rights to Sun, SSS, Atlantic, Sansu, Goldband, Vee Jay, Jewel and a number of other important US labels for European packaging. (They have LPs by Earl King, Slim and King, Toots Washington, Eddie Boyd and Otis Spann.) The Doorman got their name early on, when they used to perform in bellhop uniforms, purchased from an old theatre! Today's version of the Doorman consists of Pete Scott, a fine bantam, Kieran O'Connor, an incredibly adept second line drummer, and Tommy Utor ("the guvnor") on congas and miscellaneous percussion. Diz explained that even though his dates with Dr. John were scheduled better with Diz and the Doorman the next evening. But first a few notes on Diz. I was introduced to Diz and the Doorman via their great album, Blue Coat Man (Ace 54) which is nothing but unadulterated, foot-stomping, over-the-top New Orleans R&B. Diz even started a collection to buy a plaque to honor Professor Longhair which, if I'm not mistaken, serves as his grave marker. Actually I ran into Diz completely by accident at Dobell's Record Shop earlier in the week when he asked about the availability of Smiley Lewis albums. Surely only one man in England sports a massive handlebar moustache, a clams and blues t-shirt, were lucrative, most of the solo London dates barely paid the rent. If he wanted to make real money he has to play in Scandinavia. Amazingly, he plays once a month once a year to escape the British winter. He hopes to be able to visit New Orleans again, perhaps to play the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

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TED NUGENT brings his lean, mean rock 'n' roll machine to the Amphitheatre at the World's Fair on August 31.

'circles of the world: traditional art of the plains indians' is on view at the new Orleans Museum of Art through September 9.
CONCERT SERIES


RANDOM DIVERSIONS
The 1984 Mr. and Mrs. A.A.U. Southern America Body Building Championship, Dreamer President, Mary L. ought to be something, especially if composed of husband and wife teams, though the only ones we can think of in the road were from New Orleans. The sculpture of M. et Mme. Serge Rubet, two hunks of Afrikanica.

Tidline's Rent Party, Sun. Aug. 12. 4. Check your weapons at the door, be sure to pay your quaffet, burn your leather on the floor, grab anybody's daughter, live music. Brazilian Largos, Dixie beer, watermelon, surprise guests, door prizes (should you want to take a door home). 33.

FESTIVALS
Wednesday, 1-Sept. 2
Kindred Spirit PleinAir and Music Festival, That's So Long Festival, information from Rick Clark, Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 853, Kinder 70648: 5 JR 738-5251.

Saturday, 11, Sunday, 12
Lafitte Seafood Festival, Information from Maria Peng, Jean Lafitte City Hall, P.O. Box 501, Lafitte, 70067: (504) 988-2251.

Original Red Beans and Rice Festival, Lafitte Seafood, Permanent tent, information from Clare Martin, 501 Tolmas Drive, Metairie, 546-6677.

Wednesday-Sunday, 15-19
Delaclaire Shrimp Festival, Delaclaire, in which tribute is paid to these crackajack crawfishmen, lake and river, brown and white information from Jacqueline Toups, 712 Main Street, Delaclaire 70026, 504-685-2503.

OUT OF TOWN
Aug.9-11
4th Annual Kansas City Blues Festival, with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. Bo Didley, The Wild Magnolias, fashion plate-hot potato Katie, Webster, Benjamin Stachen, The Grand Emporium, Lone Star, Johnny Copeland, Chuck Willis, Halling's Fastest Arsenaults and the Thunder, among others; contact Kansas City Blues Society, P.O. Box 32331, K.C. MO 64111.

Aug.5-12
Reggae Sunsplash Festival '84, Monroe Bay, Jamaica; Yellow Magic, Fred de McGreggor, Third World, Mutabarka, nudes of others; information from Gutierrez's Travel Agency, Mamie Hill; 525-4108.

LIVE MUSIC


Bronsco's, 1409 Roman, Gretna, 898-1000. Mondays and Wednesdays—Saturday Night Music, Bobo McGreggor, Third Street, Gretna.

Carrollton Station, 3140 Willow, Tues: Greg "Fingers" Taylor, the nickname "Fingers" always strikes me funny, although it is appropriate for pianists or pickpockets, since big hands are usually funny and creepy at the same time, be they Ichabod Cranes or Sigourney Weaver's. Sat: 11 Johnny J and the HITmen. Sat: 25, The Uprights.

Columna Hotel, 3611 St. Charles, 849-0538. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band from 8 (hom chats by Neil Nolan).

Dorothy's Madelion, 3232 Orleans. Snake dancing, examples of adipose delicacy in motion for Botero-eyed girls, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.


1801 Club, 1801 St. Yves Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 11. Sundays and Mondays. Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.


544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Gary Brown and Feelings, G.M. from 9 to 11, Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

Pete Fountain's, 369, Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0666. Wednesdays: Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Ouezco Cafe and Bar, 501 Dauphine, 522-0682. Affresco, ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

Pelt Lift, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays.

WELLINGTON "DUKE" REITER'S drawings and sculpture will be exhibited at Arthur Roger Gallery August 4 through August 23.
This used to be the Beaconette but now
is Casket Girls.

(and how could you resist a man with raves
deleting Hmmm. Reggae music Saturdays.

Press Thurs. 16: Multiple Places. Fri. 31:
Thurs. 30: The Rogues. Fri. 31: The

piano. They're on the graveyard shift
for the balance of

Tues. 24 and Sat. 25: the

Yellow, 491-0019. Sat.: 11; Southern Exposure. Call for the balance of
test your nerve by coming in.

the Fabulous Thunderbirds. Tues. 21: Good Wave. Thurs.
3: The Rogues. Fri. 31: The

Katie Lucas and the Loose Band.

the Wabash Company

for dates.

and the Jumpstreet Five. Mondays and

and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 6200
Frenchmen, 288-3440.

for information.

Professor Big

Student Union, 282-0501. Can

Unity 524-0581. Bruce Versen

the Harry Connick Band. Mondays:

Marsalis Quintet. Tuesdays and

The Vauband, 315 Julia

FRIDAYS: Pat Pellera, 626 Frenchmen,

the James Rivers

Sewing

The Anglican Church, 545 Bourbon,

Steve Webb. Thurs. 9:

Meadows and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 6200
Frenchmen, 288-3440.

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CINEMA


Tilden-Foley, 411 Magazine, 897-5300. Aug.4 through Sept.5: a group show of art. Tilden-Foley, 526-2355.

THREE CINEMAS

CINEMA


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Continued from page 23

(frightening when you realize that just 3,000 is the break-even point for a small company). He also pointed out that among collectors, the music gains authenticity once it gets reissued in Europe, fully expecting that one day half their sales will come from America. Charly's ambitious plans call for as many as ten new albums a month in the future, more than some of the major labels in America. Their hottest item at present is a Sampler.

Odd man out on a banker by day and a musicologist by night, couldn't live in a quainter spot. His village, Newick, actually was entered in a contest to determine the neatest village in Sussex, To Louisiana. Charly's ambitious plans call for as many as ten new albums a month in the future, more than some of the major labels in America. Their hottest item at present is a Sampler.

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August 1984 / Wavelength 29
...constantly criticize our shortcomings, just as we should wash our hands. Mao Tse-tung wrote
the Red Rockers have been doing a bit of housecleaning lately. To the basic cadre of guitarist/vocalist John Griffith, Irish drummer Jim Riley and bassist Darrell Hill, the group has added Marrero guitarist Shawn Paddock and keyboardist Gary Attardo, formerly of the Models (Mike Margotta, yet another son of the land of Raphael and Ralo Calvino), will replace Attardo in the Models. The Rockers' third album, Schizophrenic Circus, produced by Rick Cheroff (the man who made Cyndi Lauper what she is today—no, he's not her hairdresser!), will be released in September and will include 6 new original tunes and a cover version of Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" (an appropriate idea for these times although someone else—we can't remember who at the moment—already did a reprise of this ditty... why not cover Sgt. Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets" and go for the ironic market?). Among the guest stars on Schizophrenic Circus are "psychodelic banjoist" Rob Hyman of the Hooters (the composer of Ms. Lauper's "Time After Time"), fiddler/bagpiper John Caulfield, synth-sensation Peter "Year of the Cat" Wood, and former British prime minister Winston Churchill, who talks but does not sing. Oley "Lights! Camera! Action!" Sassone will direct the requisite videos.

Out now on Revenge Records (the label's logo is a bleeding eyeball) is "Revenge of the Monsters," a four-song EP from the Monsters ("those Mutant Music-men from Marblehead Modernity"), produced by Arthur George Parr (his mom call him "A.G."), the Phil Specter of Jefferson Parish. Those expecting the Cramps or the Flamin' Groovies should look elsewhere; those in need of solid pop (or "Pop-ola," as Parr dubs it) have exhumed the right coffin. The best number, "Born Erect," is a swell mockup of Bruce Springsteen, right down to the cascading piano. The players include James "Bubba" Clement, George Neyrey, Robert Simmons, Brent Roser, Mike Neyrey, Jimi Ray, Vic Saladino, and Ayne Nolan, appearing as "the Nurse." Sci-fi art whiz Richard Ory contributed the tasteful illustrations, which depict three revolvers protruding from the skull of a woman, the same woman ripping her eyebrows out and finally, the woman's head exploding like Vesuvius—exactly how we often feel these days.

Linda Ronstadt, "an overly sexual person" (according to John Rockwell, cf. "Stranded: Rock and Roll For A Desert Island"), recently told CBS News that one of the biggest thrills of her life was jump-
ing on stage with the Neville Brothers at the World's Fair. Linda also said that the Valence Street gang is her "favorite group in the world."

Meanwhile, Neville-ization, the band's current live-at-Tipitina's disc is selling like Belgian waffles. Our Department of Corrections would like to point out that, despite the kudos delivered by Vincent Fumar in the Times-Picayune concerning the album's sterling sound qualities, much of the credit should go to Texas engineer Larry Wallace, who did a masterful job of tiding up Glenn Hymaug's recordings, which were a mite ragged. You can't always read what you believe on the back of album jackets, kids!

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